

Ball Players All A. W. O. L. At Fight, Game Is Called Off

Jersey City-Newark Fans Wait in Vain; Jobless Boxing Enthusiast Goes Hungry to See Bout and Collapses in Arena; Other Sidelights of Mill

A crowd of baseball fans sat in the grandstand of the Jersey City ball park yesterday waiting for the game to begin.

Game time slipped by and not a player had appeared in either the Jersey City or Newark uniform.

"Play ball!" yelled the impatient "coolers." "Bring out them teams and play ball!"

The announcer solved the problem of the missing athletes when he strode to the plate half an hour after the umpire was to have called play in the first game of a scheduled double-header. Lifting his megaphone to his lips, he shouted:

"To-day's games postponed. All the players of both teams are at the big fight."

The fans got their money back.

One of the most enthusiastic fans in the big arena was Charles Rosenblum, a seventeen-year-old newsboy of Memphis, who propelled himself through the gates in a wheelchair. Both of Charles's legs were amputated above the knees. He was accompanied by his mother, who saw New York for the first time through her crippled boy's generosity. They occupied \$5.50 seats.

An indication of the ardor of the fight fan was found in the case of John Curwin, of 240 Pacific Street, Jersey City, who collapsed in his seat in the \$5.50 block. He told attendants who revived him that he was without a job and went without dinner Friday night and breakfast yesterday, so that he could buy a ticket for the scrap. He was taken to Jersey City Hospital, his craving unsatisfied.

What is a title go without its man of mystery? One turned up yesterday. He was a peculiar chap, who might have been a Mexican. He refused to talk to anybody. Dressed in cowboy clothes—a black sombrero, blue overalls, leather jerkin, blue flannel shirt and black shoes—he carried a roll of bills as big as a loaf of bread in his shirt pocket. He made no effort to conceal the money, even when warned that it might be lifted.

And there was a woman of mystery, too. She was a French woman, dressed in black, and held a place up near the front of the \$5.50 line, where she sat on a soap box. She spoke no English and continually repeated Carpentier's name. She frayed by an effort to get photographers to "shoot" her picture by drawing a black cape up under her eyes.

A "diver" howled up to one of the gates just after daybreak, and two husky men of the West alighted. They were Louis Haskell, of Des Moines, Iowa, and Kid Griffin, a boxer of the same town, and they had driven all the way across country in their Ford to be in at the finish.

It was a day of jubilation for shopkeepers of Jersey City along the route to the "Acres." Most of the spectators had left their homes too early to breakfast, and they swamped the eating places near the arena. Other stores also did a land office business, and Mayor Hague added new laurels to his collection. It was hard to convince the

Idol of France Is Shattered by Three Wallops

(Continued from page one)

law, and as the second landed with a noisy thud the champion reeled and faltered for the first time in his career, closer to a knockout than he had ever been since he started toward ring greatness.

Dempsey Hit, but Unhurt

In this lone round the idol of France stood upon the verge of championship glory. But when he saw that two of his crushing blows had failed to drop the defending champion his final chance was graver than the heavy sky which shut out the sun from 50,000 people, a city jammed within an arena of pine. That was his final charge. From that point on there was gathering gloom around the vast stretches of the Place d'Etoile, and mourners were lining up to march by the Café de la Paix, where the feet of the world go by before the year is out.

France has had her Napoleon and her Foch, but Carpentier was not quite equal to the task of beating down a Dempsey, a heavyweight with every proven quality of his craft.

The Frenchman lived up to every written line. He was fast, skillful and game. And he proved by at least two blows that he had the kick of a mule. Only fighter of remarkable stamina, of unusual toughness of fiber could have taken what Dempsey took in that second round with the endurance to whirl back in as if he had never been hit. It was at a point like this where Joe Beckett had dropped unconscious—at a point like this where Wells had buckled up.

Task Seemed Hopeless

Then Carpentier lost his steam. He was battering a wall of steel and his last was playing a vain tattoo upon an impenetrable object. He had landed with all the fury and power at his command, and yet his opponent, after rocking for one brief moment upon shaking legs, was again boring in with heavy left and heavy right working as if he had never been brushed by a hostile glove.

That was the moment that turned a near Marne for France into a Waterloo. Dempsey should have been on the floor, unconscious. In place of that here came with a swift-moving, relentless stride, his gleaming eyes from heavy lashes now in a flame of fury as he again began his drum beat of great fists upon the weakening body of his waning rival.

The rival, in turn, with his face split and out with deep gashes under either eye, stood staring for a moment with the helpless, dejected look of the doomed written upon his drawn and weary face. He looked as the hunter looks who has fired his last volley at some charging lion which has been unscathed. The story was written here. It has been said that if Carpentier had only played a waiting game and stayed away he might have won. As it was, when the bell sounded he rushed the champion and started the war of fists, only to find that Dempsey was a master of fighting, and that at close range he was hopelessly outclassed by greater weight, greater power and greater fighting skill.

Unable to Keep Away

Two minutes of this were more than sufficient to prove that the European champion had waded beyond his

merchants that Frank Hague was not the promoter of the bout.

And Jersey City took care of her own in the matter of peddling in the streets. Several hundred street merchants of downtown New York appeared bright and early to reap some of the money being tossed away by the loose spenders, but they were in for bitter disappointment. Chief of Police Battersby and his men told them to "turn round and beat it" for the ferries. One applied to the chief for a license. "Nothing doing," he was told. "Get over where you belong and catch the boys on the rebound after the fight."

Brooklyn divided with Jersey City the honor of sending the first \$5.50 customers to the arena. Thomas Tuohy, of 325 Grand Street, Jersey City, arrived at 8 o'clock Friday night and was the first customer there. Soon afterward Sidney Weil, of 328 East Third Street, and Peter Sigler, of 532 Eastern Parkway, both of Brooklyn, made their appearance.

There were a number of stowaways in the big stands, and they were routed out only after deep thinking by the arena attendant. A thorough search had been made and the hidden men had not been discovered. Finally it was decided to wet down the seats so they would be more comfortable. As soon as the hose began to play there was scurrying from cover by the drenched deadheads. They were ejected without a hearing.

Those stories of counterfeit tickets to the brave two Jersey City officials, although two Jersey City officials, armed with credentials, stood at the Barclay Street ferry all morning offering pasteboards for sale, they had not taken in a single dollar up to fight time. They were laughed at by the fans.

There was a convenient arrangement for automobilists, thanks to an agreement between Mayor Hylan and Hague. Vendors of tickets for parking space outside the arena, at \$3 a permit, piled their trade on the New York side of the river, thus precluding great confusion.

Army field glasses rendered service again, but the fighting they focused on was of a different sort. Scores of army officers carried them.

The old "gate crashers" were on deck bright and early. Several got through a hole in the fence at the north end of the arena, but the police soon plugged this entrance.

The international aspect of the affair was apparent in the flags and ribbons carried or worn by the spectators. The Stars and Stripes predominated, but many testified to their loyalty to their own country and sentimental interest in the French challenger by carrying emblems of both countries.

An improvised band recruited from the crew of a French steamship in the harbor furnished amusement to crowd packing one of the early tube trains. The leader, equipped with a cornet of uncertain vintage and a musical education evidently acquired in a foundry, persisted in sounding blatant notes.

"Ve giv ze serenade for Cahr-pon-tee-ay," he said, while the crowd laughed its approval.

depth in the pugilistic seas. In those two minutes he had been cuffed and chugged, chopped and hammered, until he could stand but little more. And when he finally broke away and attempted to give battle at longer range he found Dempsey always at him, always gliding into reach with speed that equaled his own.

For, while Carpentier was fast coming in, he was no Jim Corbett at shifting to the right or left or stepping away. With shift and side step he made vain efforts to keep away, but wherever he turned he found Dempsey upon him, swinging right and left with equal force.

There was hardly a punch which Dempsey failed that failed to cut or jolt. No wasted effort accompanied his offensive, and if Carpentier had been less game he would have been borne down by the rush some time before. In an equal exchange it was Carpentier who came out bewildered and groggy, for there wasn't a mark upon Dempsey's face when the battle ended.

After Carpentier's fine rally in the second round a great thrill ran through the crowd when both came up for the third, but the first babble suddenly died out as Carpentier's early steam faded before a heavy left hook that rattled his frame from teeth to toes, leaving him stretching vain arms in an effort to clinch.

No record-making prophecy was needed to see that the fourth round was to be the closing chapter. For seventy seconds the Frenchman withered the storm, but as he attempted to work his way from the ropes a left and right caught him upon either side of the jaw in such bewildering succession that he went down after the manner of a steel girder dropped from the top of a skyscraper.

A "Crumpled Plunge"

There was no slow, sinking motion in this fall. It was a headlong, crumpled plunge to the resin. Few ever expected to see him rise again and take another count. But just as Referee Ertle's right arm was lifted for the tenth count the French champion with a last instinctive effort lifted his broken body and his bleeding face into range again, where in a flash right hook dropped him with such force that his body struck the floor. His heels flew high into the air, quivering, and huddled as they fell back.

From the start both fought with such savage intentness that it could only be a matter of a few rounds at most. Neither made an attempt to box or attempt to stall. There was no posing for the populace. This was to be a fight, and while it was brief it carried more action than a dozen fights. It was merely the old, old story of the good big man and the good little man, where if form runs true and the "dope" stands up there is only one answer to be written.

This answer was written to-day, for the dope never wavered from the first blow to the last. It was all a matter from the start as to whether Dempsey could weather one or more lusty punches planted upon a vulnerable spot. When that was proved in the second round, when even though reeling for a moment nearer to defeat than he had ever been before, there could only be one final answer. The championship reign that began with John Lawrence Sullivan was to follow the American line of succession, and the Old World yet had to produce a fist of equal speed and equal power to the dominant fist of the West.

Few had believed the Frenchman's frailer body could stand up before the gloved knuckles that had battered down the mastodon Willard in a round. And after the first few seconds' feal among the ninety thousand saw a ghost of a chance as Carpentier's groping hands, after a clash, reached for Demp-

Tickets Bogus, They Buy More, and They Are, Too

Some people have hard luck, and others are still more unlucky.

Three fans arrived at the Arena and presented their tickets. All three were counterfeits and the fans were "given the gate."

Determined to see the quarrel, they bought three more tickets from a speculator near the entrance and returned with them. These three likewise were spurious.

There was no escape. It was after he had discovered in the second round that he had no chance of eluding the black-haired panther on his trail that he at last, in a wild drive of desperation, tore in and let fly two fists that might have won if Dempsey's durable jaw and steel shod neck had been nearer human.

Dempsey was forced to prove here beyond any last lingering doubt that, in addition to his slugging power and his untiring strength, he also had the ring speed of a worthy champion and the ability to take it on the jaw or in the stomach without giving way. No fragile fighter ever would have stood up before those flying desperate fists which the Frenchman in his agony, leading a last forlorn hope, suddenly planted full and flush upon the usually vulnerable ramparts of the jaw.

When Dempsey stood up before this furious attack and a moment later came back strong and as determined as ever, he had proved his case beyond any rebuttal. Not even a wild chance blow could turn the tide of battle now. For two of these had landed with all the force that Carpentier had ever known, and while his opponent had proved his claim to a human mold by at least rocking for a moment in the hazy air, his next rush showed that the vital spark had not been dimmed.

Dempsey had to prove he had greater speed than he showed at Toledo, for he had no big hulk here as an open target, but one who was fast of foot and with fast flying arms that called for quickness and alertness as well as skill upon defense. It was Carpentier's lack of defense at close quarters that started him upon the downhill path and that foretold his finish. At long range he was easily Dempsey's equal, but this was no long-range fight.

Dempsey's Chivalry

Dempsey had the speed to close too quickly, and once in reach he had too much power to be held in check. In the clinches he landed two blows to the challenger's one, and each of Dempsey's blows carried at least twice the power that his opponent knew. Two times two is still four, and with this four to one mathematical preponderance in his favor Dempsey had no cause to worry after the second round.

As Carpentier fell and the final count was sounded, Dempsey was the first to reach him with a lifting hand, and when Carpentier's dazed and twisted brain had finally cleared and he was able to stand up on his feet he smiled wily and weakly as Dempsey said: "I am only sorry I had to knock out such a good man."

And he spoke as if he meant it. After all the doubt, the great crowd got its thrill.

At ten minutes of three, as the last of the preliminaries came to an end with a gray cloud drifting in from the east, the battle of 90,000 throats started as an immense floral horseshoe was placed in the ring, labelled "Success." This was for Dempsey.

Five minutes later a tremendous roar shook the seven-acre arena as Georges Carpentier leaped lightly through the ropes with a broad, friendly smile on his face as an immediate response to the welcome of the big crowd. Standing for a moment he waved clasped hands at the gathering, and then sat quietly in his corner without the slightest sign of anxiety upon his features. He looked with keen interest at the crowd, with an occasional glance in the direction of the threatening eastern cloud.

Georges Greets Jack

At 2:58 another roar of equal volume announced the approach of Dempsey, and as he stepped through the ropes near Carpentier's corner the Frenchman was the first to leap forward with an extended hand in eager greeting. As the two most eminent men of their profession shook hands the resounding tumult that followed must have found every man and woman in the stands contributing to the vocal cataclysm.

Dempsey, after the handshake, went immediately to his corner, where he sat looking grimly through the ropes. Apparently much more tense than his lighter opponent, who was either completely carefree or one of the greatest actors in the world.

The main excitement was furnished by Deschamps, Carpentier's fiery, keen-eyed manager, who rushed to Dempsey's corner as the champion began to tape his hands, watching closely every inch of the banage applied, with frequent gestures and exclamations interspersing the ceremonies.

Carpentier was arrayed in a gray bath robe, with wide black trimmings, while Dempsey wore only a crimson sweater across his muscle-bulging shoulders, his eyes half closed in a heavy frown.

All through Dempsey's tape-winding preliminary Deschamps's supposedly hypnotic eyes were within two feet of Dempsey's face, but the champion refrained from looking into such possible danger.

Carpentier's weight was announced as 172, while Dempsey, who looked to be a good twenty pounds heavier, was announced at 188.

"Never Had a Chance"

The announced weights failed to tell the physical difference between the two. Dempsey was so much more the champion when it came to a show of physical ruggedness and of greater power that the wonder soon began to grow as to how his opponent could last out the first savage rush and the first mauling blow. And at one moment in the first round after only a minute of fighting Carpentier was suffering so much pain that his chance of lasting out the first inning seemed to be vain.

In conclusion it might be said that he did his best, that he fought with everything he had to offer. It was through no fault of his own making that the lights surrounding the Arde Triomphe seem dim to French eyes and that the train of sorrow runs from Paris through the provinces on the last French outpost down in the Soudan.

Starting before ninety thousand people, who it might be remarked had paid \$1,600,000 to see what might take place, he showed at least why he was the champion of Europe and why his speed, skill and hitting power had been enough to stop a Beckett or a Wells.

But he was meeting no Beckett nor a Wells to-day in spite of George Bernard Shaw. He was meeting a fully as fast a man, who was heavier, stronger, able to hit harder and able to take all he had. Against this combination destiny at last was blocked. Carpentier's sole reward had to be a battered face, a battered body and the loser's end. There could be no other way, and any final summing up can lead to this one line.

He was a good game guy, but he never had a chance.

J.M. Gidding & Co.
564-566 AND 568 FIFTH AVENUE 46TH AND 47TH STS.
NEW YORK THE PARIS SHOP OF AMERICA PARIS

Announcing their Removal Further Uptown in the Autumn to Fifth Avenue at 56th and 57th Streets

will begin a series of

REMOVAL SALES

Commencing Tuesday, July 5th
to dispose of over a million dollars' worth of Fashion's most luxurious apparel for all occasions.

This all-inclusive SALE will embrace entire present selections of Tailored and Costume Suits—Dresses—Gowns—Wraps—Blouses—Hats—Bags—Accessories and Furs at very marked reductions—in many instances HALF and LESS THAN HALF former prices will prevail.

Well dressed women will recognize the significance of this rare opportunity to obtain Fashions of the Gidding standard at a FRACTION OF THEIR REAL WORTH.

Due to the fact that every garment and article of merchandise must be SOLD, there will be no CHARGE Sales, Credits or Approvals.

Each sale must be ABSOLUTE and for CASH.